A
Merry, Pleasant, and Delectable History;
BETWEEN
K. *Edward* the Fourth,
AND A
Tanner of *Tamworth*;
As he rode upon a time with his Nobles on Hunting toward *Drayton-Basset*:
Very Pleasant and Merry to Read.

ed for F. Coles, in *Vine-street*, neer *Hatton-Garden*,

[c. 16 b.]

THE Merry and pleasant Communication, between King *Edward* the Fourth, and the Tanner of *Tamworth*.

IN summer time when leaves grow green
and blossomes bud on every Tree,
King Edward would a hunting ride,
some pastime for to see.
With hawk and hound, he made him bound,
with horn, and eke with Bow,
Toward Drayton-Basset he took his way,
whosoever doth it know:
But as our King on his way rode forth,
by eight a clock of the day,
He was ware of a Tanner of merry Tamworth
was in a quaint array:
A good Russet coat the Tanner had on,
he took it in mickle pride,
He rode on a Mare cost four shillings,
and under him a good Cow-hide.

A paire of rough mittens the tanner did wear
his Hood was button'd under his chin:
Yonder comes a good fellow quoth our King
that cares not whether he lose or win.
The Tanner came singing on his Mare,
with one so merry a note;
He sung out of tune, he was past care,
he had no need to grease his throat.
Stand you still my Lords now,
under this green-wood spray:
And I will ride to yonder fellow,
to wot what we should say.

God

God ſpæd good fellow, then ſaid our King,
thou art welcome ſir, quoth he,
Which is the way to Drayton-Baſſet,
I pray thee now tell me.
Marry that I will, quoth the Tanner,
right here as I do wand,
The next pair of Hallows thou comeſt to,
turn up on thy right hand.
It is the unready way ſaid our King,
I tell thee ſo mouth I thee,
I pray thee ſhew me the ready way,
the Town that I may ſee.
Go play the great Javel, quoth the Tanner,
I hold thee out of thy Wit;
All day I have ridden on Brock my Mare,
and I am faſting yet.
Why we will go to the Town, ſaid our King
and of dainties we will not lack;
We will eat and drink, and fare of the beſt,
and I will pay for the ſhot:
God a mercy good fellow, quoth the Tanner
thou payeſt for none of mine,
For I have as many nobles in my purſe,
as thou haſt half pence in thine.
God give thee joy of yours, ſaid our King
and ſend thee well to thrive:
The Tanner would fain have been away
for he wen he had been a thief:

What art thou good fellow, qd. the Tanner,
of thee I ſtand in great fear:
For the cloaths thou wearest on thy back
may ſeem a good Lord to wear.
I never ſtole them, ſaid our King,
I tell thee Sir by the Rood;
No, thou playest as many an Unthrift doth,
thou ſtanded in the midſt of thy good.
What tydings have you, ſaid our King,
as you ride far and near;
I hear no tydings quoth the Tanner,
but that Cow-hides be dear:
Cow-hides, Cow-hides then ſaid our King,
I know not what they be.
Lo here thou mayſt ſee one, quoth the Tanner
here lies one under me.
Knowſt thou not a Cow-hide, qd. the Tanner
and haſt gone ſo long to School?
If ever you hap to dwell in the Country,
thou wilt be made a fool.
What tradeſman art thou, ſaid our King,
I pray thee tell me now?
I am a Barker, quoth the Tanner,
what Tradeſman then art thou?
I am a Courtier ſaid our King,
and forth of ſervice worn:
Full fain I would your Prentice be,
your cunning for to learn.

Harry

Marry God forbid, quoth the Tanner
that such a Prentice I should rear:
He would spend me more then he would get,
by forty shillings in the year:
One thing I would wish said our King
if thou wilt not seem strange,
Though my horse be better then thy Mare,
with you I fain would change:
Nay there thou lyst yet, quoth the Tanner,
by Jove thou shalt abide,
For if thou have Brock my Mare
thou get'st not my Cow-hide.
I will not have it, said our King
I tell thee so mouth I thee;
I would not carry it away,
though thou would give it me.
Why then we must change, said the Tanner
as needs me think thou woot:
But if thou must have Brock my Mare
I look to have some boot.
That were against reason, said our King
I tell thee so might I thee,
My horse is better then thy Mare
and that you well may see.
Avise Avous, now said the Tanner,
whether thou wilt or no;
For my Mare is gentle and will not kick
but softly she will go.

And thy horse is unhappy and unwieldy
and will never go in rest:
But always skipping here and there
and therefore my Mare is best.
What boot will you have then said our King
tell me now in this tide?
Never a single penny, quoth the Tanner
but a noble in gold so red.
Why here is my noble, said the King
well paid see that you be,
I would have sworn on a book, qd. the tanner
thou hadst not had one penny.
Now hath the King the Tanners Mare,
(she is nothing fat fair nor round)
And the Tanner hath the Kings good steed,
the Saddle is worth twenty pound.
The Tanner took up the good Cow-hide
off the ground whereas it stood,
He threw it upon the Kings brave Steed
in the Saddle that was so good:
The steed stared much upon the horns,
under the green wood spray,
He had wend the devil of hell had been come
to carry him thence away.
The Tanner looked as fast on the stirrops,
astonied sore he was,
He marvelled greatly in his mind,
whether they were gold or brass:

Help

Help me up good fellow, qd. the Tanner,
lightly that I were gone,
My Wife and my neighbours more and less
will say I am a Gentleman:
The King took the Tanner by the Leg,
and lift him up a loft,
The Tanner girded out a good round fart,
his belly was so soft;
You make great waste then said our King,
your courtesie is but small,
The horse is so high qd. the Tanner again,
I fear me of a fall.
But when the Tanner was in the Saddle,
the Steed began to blow and blast,
And against the root of an old rotten tree,
the Tanner down he cast.
Abide good fellow, said our King,
you make over much haste,
Thou shalt have thy horse with a vengeance
for my neck is well nigh brast.
Why then we must change, said our King,
as methinks needs I wot,
But if you have your Ware again,
I look to have some boot,
What boot wilt thou have, qd. the Tanner,
tell me now in this ground?
Never a groat nor penny said our King,
but of thy Gold twenty pound:

Nay

Nay here is thy noble, qd the Tanner again
and Christ blessing and mine,
Yea, there is twenty good groats more
go drink them at the Wine.
So mouth I chose, then said our King
it shall not slack my woe;
For when a Noble is in small money;
full soon it is a goe.
Dost thou love to keep gold, qd. the Tanner,
the King answered and said yea:
Then I would thou wert my near kinsman,
for I think thou wilt thrive and thee.
Now hath the Tanner Brock his Mare
and under him his good Cow-hide:
Our Noble King had his horse again
which was a well fed steed.
Now farewel good fellow, quoth the Tanner,
I will no longer abide with thee.
Tarry here yet a little while said our King,
and some pastime we shall see:
Our King set a bugle horn to to his mouth,
and blew a blast both loud and small,
Seven score Lords, Knights Squires, and
came riding over a dale. (Yeomen
Now out alas, quoth the Tanner,
that ever I saw this tide, (lows,
Thou art a strong Thief, yonder be thy fel-
will have my Mare and my Cow-hide.

They

They are no Thieves then said our King
I tell thee so might I thee:
It is my Lord of Drayton-Basset,
is come a hunting with me.

But when they all before the King came,
they fell down on their knees:
the tanner had rather then a thousand pound
he had been out of their companies.

A Coller a Coller, our King gan cry,
quoth the Tanner it will breed sorrow,
For after a Coller cometh a Halter,
I trow I shall be hanged to morrow.
Be not afraid Tanner, said our King
I tell thee so mouth I thee:
Loe here I make thee the best Esquire,
that is in the North Countrey;
And Plumpton Park I will give thee
and Jocky in this tide:
It is worth three hundred pounds a year,
to prepare thy good Cow-hide.
God a mercy good fellow, quoth the Tanner
for this that thou hast done,
the next time thou comst to Tamworth town
thou shalt have clouting leather for thy shoon,
And if thou comest to my house
sweet Lad I say to thee: sowse,
Thou shalt have as good pudding, tripe, and
as is in our Countrey:
A roasted Apple by the fire,
well crusht in a brown Bowl:
With nappy Ale that Doll doth brew,
and merrily it doth trole:
And come a hunting to my Park,
for there thou shalt be free:
And take the best and leave the worst,
until they better be.

A

A good Straw-bed likewise thou shalt
at any time command,
With a pair of good Hempton sheets
as any in the Land:
And faith I swear if well I like
thou shalt my daughter have,
A good brown lass that's very tight
and woed by Suitors brave;
For Hob that is our Sextones Son,
with Love is like to dye;
And if she do not speak him fair
good faith the fool will cry.
I thank you, quoth the King again,
and I this Lass will see:
For quickly we will strike a match
if she and I can agree.
Well, qd. the Tanner leave these youths,
and we will homeward wend,
A Barrel of good strong Ale,
on them and you Ile spend.
So homeward to his house they rode,
where they did all alight:
He prayed him send his men away,
and he should bide there that night.
Come out sweet Doll, the Tanner said
my Wife thou shalt here see,
With that came out a good old Dame
and made a low Courtisie.

Your Worships welcome, quoth his wife,
and up she drank a quaff:
That strait away the pegan to reel,
which made the King to laugh.
Then for his daughter he did call,
who strait came bubling out:
Whose head was drest in seemly sort,
with a clean linnen clout.
Is this your Daughter said the King
I that it is, quoth he,
Her like is not to be found,
throughout the whole Countrey,
I do believe it, quoth our King,
but would I were no Wed,
I would desire no other one
to lodge within my bed:
But cause I like your Daughter well,
I wish her well to match,
Here take my purse that's full of gold,
which quickly she did catch.
So taking leave to horse they got,
the Tanner then did swear,
That such a jovial Lad as he
the ground did never bear.
The King unto the Court did wend,
the Tanner to the Ale:
To know those men, old Doll his wife,
did earnestly enquire.

Then he related as he was told,
and so to bed they went:
And afterwards they spent their days
in joy and merryment.
A house of Hospitality
he ever did maintain,
And did relieve the hungry sort,
the needy and the Lame.
Of what he had he made no spare,
but freely spent his good;
The Widow and the Fatherless
he comforted with food.
Thus have I here related now,
the story of a King:
And of the Tanners honest life,
great praise will ever ring.

Now God above speed well the Plow,
and keep us from care and woe:
Till every Tanner in our Country
do go a hunting so.

FINIS.